Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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THE SEVEN STAGES.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by a sternef rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams;
Full of promise life now seems.

Only a man,
Battling with life,
Shared in now by a loving wife.

Only a father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.

Only a graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,
O'ergrown with grass;
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.
—Boston Traveler.

IN AN INDIA TEA FIELD.

A Brooklynite Who Knows All About the Fragrant Leaf.

China Has No Longer a Monopoly of Supplying the Cup That Cheers and Does Not Inebriate — Brand Straight and "Faced."

"It is surprising how little people know about tea. The consumption of this article in the United States amounts to thousands of chests annually, and yet not one person in a thousand knows any thing about the growth and subsequent preparation of the fragrant leaf before it is put on the market, and I may add that very few know how to make tea when they have the material at hand."

This was what Mr. James Virtue, of 465 Fifth avenue, said to a Brooklyn Eagle writer the other day. Mr. Virtue is a Scotchman by birth and for eighteen years was a superintendent of tea fields or comands, as they are called in India. Most of this time he spent in the Doaars and Dagelling provinces, which are in the northeast portion of India and about four hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta. Being asked to tell something of what he knew of tea culture Mr. Virtue continued: "The general idea is that all teas come from China or Japan. This is an erroneous supposition. The tea planting industry in India is by no means a new one, and its steady success has commanded for it extended territory, and has been the means of giving employment to thousands of natives who would otherwise have been idle or next door to it. Tea gardens or plantations in India are known in the trade as 'comands,' with only one m. In China and Japan these 'comands' are from one and a half to two acres in extent, rarely more than four, while in India they will include from a thousand to fifteen hundred acres, and this would be about the average, although there are some much larger. The Assam Tea Company, for instance, has a 'comand' of 17,000 acres. On it are employed seventy Europeans—chiefly English—as overseers and 25,000 natives who do the work. The company has its own stores, supplies all groceries, clothing, liquors, etc., to its employes, has a theater, and in fact the 'comand' is really a city within itself. The manufacturer of tea depends to a large extent upon the honesty of the men engaged in the business. There can be either a 'straight' or a 'faced' tea. By a 'straight' tea I mean a leaf straight from the bush; by a 'faced' tea I mean tea that has been cut and used and again bruised and 'faced' with iron filings, indigo, aloes and various other compounds. The former manufacture is Indian, the latter Chinese. The tree planters of India are generally honest, and pride themselves upon giving a straight article. Indian tea, especially Assams, are grown in a very forcing climate marked by great warmth and humidity. The soil is loamy and stony. The climate is detrimental to Europeans, being muggy and full of malaria, and few but natives can reside there for any length of time. Europeans are always employed as managers or overseers, who watch the natives at their work, being incapable themselves of doing any manual labor on account of the intense heat. The workers are natives of Hindostan and most of the pickers are women. As a rule, they are very tractable. The women work eleven or twelve hours a day, and the men, who are the cultivators, eight hours only. The tea manufacturers, who are also men, work sixteen hours. Tea is grown from a seed which, of course, is obtained from the tree, and is either planted seed at stake (which means that a small stake is used to make a hole in the soil, the seed dropped in and covered), or from what is called a transplanting seedling, which is taken from a forcing bed and transplanted in the regular soil. This planting is done in the rainy season, which lasts from May to November. This seed wants a great deal of attention. The lines or rows must be regularly dug and weeded by hand at least once a month to prevent the growth of jungle which is very prolific in such a climate. Each plant requires a space to itself about five feet square, and a seed at stake will show above ground in from three to four months after planting. A transplanted seedling will appear in half the time. The plant grows just like a young fir tree. It requires much care and cleaning until the end of the second season when the bush will have attained a height of from three to three and a half feet. I have known a tree to grow as high as twelve feet. If it was left alone the tea plant would reach a height of fifteen or twenty feet and, as I said, would be like a fir tree in shape, but we prune it about twenty inches from the ground, so as to educate it to spread and thus yield a finer leaf, to give more surface and a more delicate product. If we allowed it to grow, it would sap itself and its leaves would be worthless. The pruning is done in December and the plucking begun immediately the sap rises, which is about from the middle of March to the first week in April. The branch from the parent stem will bear say nine leaves, of which three are plucked, and from the remaining six new branches will grow which will bear leaves in their return. If we were to strip a branch of all its leaves we should kill the tea bush, or, in other words, we should be 'killing the goose which lays the golden eggs,' if such a simile may be used. The first leaves thus plucked are called 'No. 1 flush.' They do not make the finest tea, but rank about as low as a leaf can be valued for commerce. These leaves are taken on trays into the 'withering-house' by the women who pluck them, and who are supervised by 'duffadars,' or native men, whose business it is to see that the women do not spoil the bushes. The tea is allowed to rest on these trays until it is withered to the pliancy of a kid glove, a process which takes from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the temperature. Then it is carried away by men and put on the rolling-table, where it is manipulated for fifteen or twenty minutes, according to the condition of the leaf. The crushing process brings about the fermentation necessary to develop the quality of the leaf. It is then taken to the fermenting room, where it ferments until it is in condition to go to the drying machine, its time here being from one to six hours. In the dryer it remains until it is cooked, a process which requires to be carefully looked after and in which none but experienced hands are employed. By being cooked is meant being dried. The tea then goes to the sifting-house, where the various grades are made by sifters of the requisite mesh, that is twelve, ten and eight inches to the inch. The twelve men sifts the best tea, because that leaf is smaller and heavier. The smaller the leaf the better the tea. These three teas are straight, and are known as Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong and Souchong, representing respectively the first, second and third grades. Pekoe Souchong is the fine tip mixed with a lower grade, or a mixture of the first and second grades. Souchong is the third straight grade. While the tea after these processess is ready for use, it is treated up again to extract any dampness which may have accrued, as the leaf is very difficult and susceptible. This done it is packed in chests for shipping. What is the best tea? Well, fifteen days after the first plucking the second flush is ready, and eight days later the third flush is plucked and this constitutes the finest leaf and consequently the best tea. One grade excels the other in flavor, but they all go through the same process which I have described. These Indian teas are pure and straight and have a delicious flavor, whereas most of those from China and Japan are faced or second brews, which means that the leaf has been once drawn and then fixed up again, being mixed with aloe leaves and a combination of iron filings and indigo. As to prices, the Indian Pekoe sells for sixty-nine cents a pound, the Pekoe Souchong for fifty cents and the Souchong for forty-five cents. The best Chinese teas, if you can get them straight, can not be sold for less than one dollar a pound; second grade seventy-five cents and third sixty to sixty-five cents. The demand for Indian teas has greatly increased of late years. In 1870, when I first went to India, that country sent to England only about fifteen per cent. of the tea consumed there, while 1887, when I left she sent fifty-one per cent. Her principal markets are England, Australia, America, Canada and the Cape of Good Hope, and she is steadily increasing her foreign commerce. The consumption of tea in this country amounts to about one hundred and ten million pounds per annum, and of this I suppose not more than five hundred thousand pounds come from India. It is only recently, however, that Indian teas have been introduced here."

TERROR IS EPIDEMIC.

That Is the Reason Why Cowards Deserve Exemplary Punishment.

"A plague on all cowards!" says Shakespeare's Fat Knight, himself the *beau ideal* of a bullying poltroon.

But is it just to couple infamy with cowardice? Would any man be chicken-hearted if he could be otherwise? Does not every frightened fugitive from danger blush as he runs?

It can not be fairly imputed to the dastard as a crime that his nerves quiver like aspen leaves when he hears the immediate bullet whizzing by, or that the sight of sheathless steel makes the perspiration start from all his pores. He *would* face the whirlwind of battle if he could, but it whisks him round like a weathercock. His reason may tell him that his back is as broad a target as his breast, and that he is as likely to be shot retreating as advancing; indeed, more likely, for even a brave man can take a steadier aim at a flying adversary than at a furious foe rushing upon him at the "double-quick." But instinct is stronger than reason in the craven, and all his locomotive muscles are at its command.

Under these circumstances, ought a military man who shows the white feather in the presence of the enemy to be shot therefor? Being, as Falstaff says, "a coward upon instinct," is he morally responsible for running away?

Perhaps not. Nor is it for the act itself that he is doomed, but because of its consequences. Terror is epidemic. It is more readily caught than the small-pox, and spreads more rapidly. A Captain is smitten with it and communicates it to his company, the regiment catches it from the company, the brigade from the regiment, the corps from the brigade, the whole army from the corps, and thus a great battle is lost, and perhaps a great cause endangered or ruined.

It will not do to adhere scrupulously to the abstract principles of justice in such cases. The offense must be measured by its results. The event and not the involuntary act which produced it, arraigns and condmns its author. The punishment which seems cruel is absolutely necessary, and therefore right. Not because he is a coward, is the cowardly soldier done to death, but in order that disasters more terrible than the shooting of a thousand dastards may be prevented by his public shame and dishonorable doom.—N. Y. Ledger.

A BUDDHIST MARRIAGE.

What a Missionary Saw in the Palace of the Governor of Cambodia.

A missionary describes a marriage ceremony which he witnessed in the palace of the Governor of Cambodia, as follows:

"I was ushered, amid a tremendous din of gongs, into a large room beyond the reception hall, where were seated the Governor and about a hundred noblemen and invited guests. The bridegroom, a young man about twenty years of age, elegantly attired in silk garments, was also there.

"By the time we foreigners were seated, a procession—headed by the bride, supported on either side by demure-looking matrons, composed principally of aged or married women, all elegantly attired—entered and slowly marched toward the Governor.

"The bride was not particularly interesting as regards personal charms; she was young, however, and dressed richly and in good taste. Besides her silk dress she wore a gold-embroidered scarf upon her shoulders; also gold rings upon her fingers, bracelets upon her wrists and armlets above the elbows.

"The bride took up her position near the bridegroom, both sitting upon the floor, but not looking toward each other; in fact, throughout the entire ceremony they both were perfectly impassive and nonchalant.

"The marriage ceremony proper now began. A number of wax candles were brought in a salver, and then lighted by one of the nobles. The silver waiter was then passed round before the company eight times, each one in turn saluting the couple and wishing them good fortune by waving or blowing the smoke toward them, thus expressing something like the old English custom of throwing the slipper after a newly-married couple—the band of string instruments playing the meanwhile. Two large velvet cushions having been previously placed before the bride and bridegroom, and upon them a large sword, the leader of the theatricals now came forward and went through, for a few moments, a most fantastical sword exercise. Dishes had been placed before the couple upon the floor, with covers upon them. Nothing, however, was eaten.

Next the hands of the expectant couple were bound together, and to each other, with silken threads, by the women attendants, probably some near relatives. Thus were they truly joined in Buddhist wedlock. And this completed the simple, yet effective ceremony."—San Francisco Argonaut.

JUDGES ON STRIKE.

They Make a Demand Which Causes Considerable Merriment.

Belgium is said to be the "paradise of strikers," since, during recent years, there has been scarcely a month when the Belgium public has not been following the details of some extensive suspension of labor due to a demand for increased wages.

There have been glass-workers' strikes, carpenters' strikes, drivers' strikes and dockmen's strikes; and when no other Belgian workmen are striking, the miners are almost sure to be. The miners' strike has been, indeed, the cause of another very remarkable demand for higher wages.

The magistrates of the courts of Ghent, by reason of their constant labor in judging the cases against striking miners, and the wear and tear of sending these strikers to prison, lately came to feel the need of relief for their overworked courts, and of increased compensation of their burdensome labor.

Inasmuch as the government had not seen fit to proceed of its own motion to grant the needed relief, the judges unanimously participated in a demand for higher salaries.

This demand created a great deal of merriment among the Belgian workingmen, who declared that there was but a single step left open to the magistrates, and that was to hang up their judicial gowns and "go into the street."

The judges, however, were happily found too conscious of the dignity of their office to "turn out" and march about with banners inscribed with such mottoes as "We demand justice for justice," or "No increase, no more sentences of strikers."

Although the judges have been entirely peaceable, the miners have caused it to be announced that, if they make any trouble, they, the miners, shall insist upon passing on the judges' cases.—Youth's Companion.

UP GO BILLIARD BALLS.

Zanzibar Troubles and Emin's Loss Made Them Cost More.

The news that Emin Pasha has left behind him his load of ivory has had a surprising effect upon billiard interests in this country, and its effect may be soon felt in a further bulling of the market for soft ivory used in the manufacture of billiard-balls. The price of billiard balls was recently advanced to $32 a set of four balls of standard 2⅜-inch measurement. It was the last boom of a slow rise in price that had been going on for nearly a year. Last year, before the advance set in, a standard set of balls of the best ivory could be bought for $26. Pool-balls were a trifle cheaper, because such true spheres of ivory are not needed in pool.

The billiard-ball manufacturers attribute the increase to the war that has been going on in Zanzibar for a year or more between the Arab traders and the natives on the one hand and the German leaders of the protectorate at Zanzibar on the other. These costly dissensions, the manufacturers say, had the effect of greatly retarding the exportation of soft ivory from Africa, and created a scarcity of good ivory that made the increase in prices of billiard-balls necessary. Only a certain part of the tusk can be made into billiard-balls, and that select part has to be in perfect condition or it is useless for the billiard trade. The select part is cut into square blocks, and these blocks are turned into spheres. Any imperfection in the tusk will produce a ball that will be cracked when turned, or that will not season, which is just as bad. The trimmings of the corners of the square blocks are utilized for the manufacture of ivory rings used in harness.—N. Y. Sun.

VERSES TO THE EDITOR.

Witty Rhymes That Accompanied Decidedly Poor Poems.

The editor of one of New York's many repositories of humor is almost daily in receipt of versified communications from his contributors, submitting verses which in many instances are lamentably inferior to the communications themselves.

From one of the most prolific poetic pens came the following:

O! prithee cast your eagle squint
O'er this poetic tale
And if 'tis good enough to print
Remember 'tis for sale.

The same writer shows that even the poet is sometimes compeled to think of material things, and in sending a Sonnet to the Soul to be passed on to the proper channel, he observes:

I say, my Lord, I hope you're well,
This Sonnet to the Soul
If —— —— —— wants it I will sell
For two full tons of coal,
$10.

Friendship of many years' standing prevented bloodshed when the editor received a quatrain accompanied by the lofty lines:

They say you don't know what is what,
I don't believe you do,
On your decision on this Quat,*
Rests my opin of you.
*Rain.

To this the editor found it profitable to reply:

I may not know just what is what
Or which is which—don't ask it,
But I do know your little Quat
Lies buried in my basket.

The next contribution from this gentleman brought with it the invocation:

I pray that you and I may get
A gift from Heaven's dome:
May you get sense to like these lines,
I dollars for the pome.

It sometimes happens, as in the three instances following, that money is either lost sight of altogether or is so subordinated that it is rather an accessory than any thing else:

I've worked for pay I never got
Until my head is hoary;
Take this and lucer send me not;
I'll take it out in glory.

Appeals of this sort are very hard to resist, though in the instance following, the editor, rather than feel himself responsible for a premature though happy death, returned the poem to the writer. The note read thus:

If I could get this poem in
Your magazine, O! friend,
I should have reached the pinnacle,
Attained my cherished end.

O! take the poem, print it, and
Delight my poor weak eye,
And when I see my lines in type
O! then I'll gladly die.

The third utterly unselfish verse was as follows:

If you want it, take it!
I'm not consarned;
If you don't, why, shake it,
And be darned.

The meter is rather weak in the last line, but the sentiment of the whole was so refreshing that a very bad poem was accepted and paid for on the strength of the little note that came with it.—John Kendrick Bangs, in Chatter.

WISE MODERATION.

It Was Displayed by the Prussian Government After Sadowa.

In dealing with Austria the Prussian Government showed a wise moderation. It annexed no territory, and the pecuniary indemnity claimed was not unreasonable, being limited to 20,000,000 thalers from Austria and about 8,000,000 thalers from Saxony for the coast of the war. The end was attained when Prussia became the supreme arbiter of Germany, and the Emperor and King of Austria-Hungary ceased to form part of the Germanic body. From that moment, and even before the peace was signed, M. de Bismarck employed all his address to turn the empire he attacked, and almost overthrown, into an ally. He foresaw that his real antagonists were not on the Danube, but on the Rhine and the Vistula. No man ever acted more completely on the old Greek maxim: "Treat your enemies as if there were one day to be your friends, and your friends as if they were to become your enemies."

But the problem was more difficult in dealing with the minor German states, which had all, with the exception of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, adhered to Austria and to the Bund. Hanover, Hesse, Nassau and Frankfort were marked out for immediate annexation; they had been for a century objects of Prussian ambition, and the conduct of the King of Hanover, who repaired straight to Vienna and refused to enter into any negotiations derogatory to his crown, was absolutely fatal to his position as a sovereign Prince. These provinces in reality were the price and prizes of the war. The southern kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden escaped the territorial grasp of Prussia and retained their sovereignty under the flimsy fiction of the North German League, which drew a line at the River Main across the country. But the secret military conventions with Prussia, which they were compeled to accept, placed their armies and, consequently, themselves entirely under the control of the court of Berlin.—Edinburgh Review.

Eight Scholastic Hints.

Conciseness is a virtue.

Don't get rattled in school government.

There is no good discipline where a harsh voice is frequently heard.

Teach a genuine respect for the best thought and the best life of the day.

A small vocabulary skillfully used is better than a large one indifferently used.

A question asked by a pupil for the class to answer is frequently worth much more than that of a teacher.

The essential features of elocution should be in the mind of the teachers through the entire school career of a child.

Emphasize the fact that the right way is always easier than the wrong, and that to answer a question correctly is easier than to answer it incorrectly, if the idea is clearly in mind.—Journal of Education.

—Meddybemps, Me., boasts of a six year-old boy who spelled over four hundred words on examination day without missing one. Evidently the spelling book is not neglected in that school.

WEATHER PREDICTION.

The Time Not Far Distant When Reliable Forecasts Can Be Made.

M. Luigi Palmieri, the learned director of the observatory of Vesuvius, has made himself a specialist in questions appertaining to the electricity of the earth. For some forty years he has studied this question, and has published various papers and more than a hundred notes or memoirs. Unfortunately for science, he has thought well to publish them, not only in Italian, but in local papers having naturally a restricted circulation. Dr. Albert Battander gives, in Cosmos, a *resume* of the results obtained by M. Palmieri, which bid fair to prove of considerable importance, if not in the field of electrical engineering, in that of meteorology and the prediction of weather. M. Palmieri indicates, first, that the potential of objects which exceed the height of the surrounding earth differ from it in sign, in fair weather being negative, and positive only when rain, hail, or snow fall within a certain distance of the observations. Secondly, the electricity of objects exceeding in height the surface of the earth is not their own, so to speak, but is due to the induction of the atmosphere.

He indicates, for example, that if Vesuvius, were negative while Naples below were positive, and this were due to different disposition of electricity on their surfaces, the two would tend to flow together and equalize; whereas this is found not to be the case. The electricity is, therefore, due to induction, and is so maintained while the inductive influence is steady, changing as it changes. M. Palmieri has repeated his experiments some thousands of times since 1850 in varied manners to eliminate errors, and he satisfactorily proves that the electricity of the air is contrary in sign to that of the earth. The electricity of the earth is positive and that of the air negative. He gives two experiments showing the influence of the natural changes in the atmosphere. A platinum cup, filled with water and thoroughly insulated, is connected to the plate of condenser electrometer, the whole exposed to the sun's rays. The evaporation reveals the presence of negative electricity. Inversely, if the same cup is filled with snow, the dew which is formed produces signs of positive electricity, the conditions of success in the experiment being the use of the condenser, on account of the feebleness of the potential, and the most careful insulation of platinum cup. The question of the effect upon the electricity of the air, of plants, trees, or of the sun, has also been carefully studied, and if it is objected that these discussions are purely in the field of speculation, M. Palmieri responds that in these electrical indications we should feel the most sure means of the prediction of weather. In fact, according to the director of the Vesuvian Observatory, we must discard our old friend the barometer as the indicator of weather changes, which can not achieve more than eighty per cent. of success in prediction, and take the electrometer, which never is found in default. He argues for the extension of electrometer observations at numerous stations, with instruments standardized to the same measure, adapted with methods of testing the varying layers of atmosphere, and believes the time of absolute prediction of weather to be no longer an unrealizable, Utopian dream.—Electrical Engineer.

CHANCES IN BATTLE.

The Amount of Powder and Ball It Takes to Kill a Man.

No doubt every reader has seen the statement that it takes a man's weight of lead to kill him in battle, and they may have considered it to be merely a rhetorical hyperbole, suggested by the fact that comparatively few out of the whole number of shots fired in heat of battle take effect. Marshal Sale, we believe, first made the assertion which forms the base of the above, when he said it would take 125 pounds of lead and 33 pounds of powder to put each of the enemy in the long trench. Wild and visionary as this may seem, it appears that there was more truth than poetry in the remark. With all the improvements which have been made in the art of war since the days of Saxe Cassendi, the French savant, proves that the great Marshal's philosophical remark still holds good.

At the battle of Solferino, according to Cassendi's carefully-deduced calculations, a comparison of the number of shots fired on the Austrian side with the number of killed and wounded on the part of the enemy, shows that 700 bullets were expended for each man wounded, and 4,200 for each man killed. The average weight of the ball used was 30 grains, therefore it must have taken at least 126 kilograms, or 227 pounds of lead for each man killed! Yet Solferino was a most important and bloody battle. In the Franco-Prussian war the slaughter caused by the needle gun among the French soldiers shows how much superior that gun is to the Austrian carbine; yet, with that deadly weapon 1,300 shots were fired for every soldier destroyed in the enemy's ranks. Verily there was good foundation for Bogert's ungrammatical remark: "War is awful, but the noise of war is awfuller."—St. Louis Republic.

A Queen's Voluntary Slavery.

Hester Cora Mitchell, as she was known here after becoming the slave of ex-Governor Mitchell, is buried in the cemetery in this city. She was a Queen of some African tribe, and came to this country voluntarily, bringing with her all the insignia of her royalty—crown, and robes and jewels, etc. She was pleased with this country, and resolved to lay down her robes of royalty and become a slave, as above stated. Every Christmas, until her death, she would appear before the negroes in all the gorgeousness of her queenly paraphernalia. After this exhibition, she would retire, lay aside her queenly attire, and go into the kitchen as humbly as any of the other servants of Governor Mitchell. When Hester Cora died Governor Mitchell had her buried in her regalia. —Milledgeville (Ga.) Chronicle.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

Men and Women Work Together in Perfect Harmony.

But do both sexes work together in the same office?

Of course they do. American girls can take care of themselves any place, and these maidens are by no means spring chickens. Not many of them are on the marry, though every now and then we hear of one dropping off the pay-rolls with a good husband. The late Attorney-General Brewster got a wife in this Treasury Department. She was the daughter of an ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and she was one of the prettiest women that Washington has ever known. Brewster saw her as he went through the department one day on some legal business long before he was Attorney-General, and he said to a friend:

"What a pretty woman?"

She overheard and replied in a stage whisper.

"What an ugly man!" and Brewster you know was ugly enough to stop a clock. His face had been burnt all out of shape when he was a baby, by his falling into the fire or by his attempting to save his little sister from burning. Both stories are told, and I don't know which is correct. At any rate he overheard the remark of the pretty treasury clerk. He met her the same night at a reception and she found Mr. Brewster as entertaining as he was ugly. After a few months he proposed to her and she accepted him and got a first-class husband. Stephen A. Douglas married a department clerk and many of the ladies of the departments go into the best of Washington society. It is an unwritten law in some of the departments that a husband and his wife shall not be on the pay-rolls at the same time, and when two department clerks marry one is expected to leave. Postmaster-General Vilas, however, objected to this theory, and a number of the Cabinet officers now allow their clerks to marry, if they choose. One of the prettiest girls in the Pension Office was married the other day to a very accomplished young clerk, who worked beside her. Their field of work, however, was changed in order that no remark might be caused by the marriage, and they now have good positions in New York. Not a few clerks are married secretly and their names appear on the pay-roll of the department as single after they have been married. It is a great deal easier to live in Washington on $2,000 a year than $1,000 a year, and Cupid gets along much better when both husband and wife can keep their salaries.—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY.

There Are Not Ten Real Soldiers for Every Commissioned Officer.

The army of the United States consists of 2,167 commissioned officers and a sufficient number of enlisted men to keep them in practice. This number is fixed by a general law at 30,000; for several years Congress has been in the habit of appropriating for only 25,000 and it does not seem likely to get out of the habit, although the military authorities are generally asking for at least the statutory 30,000. Omitting a considerable number of enlisted men who are performing civilian duties the Adjutant-General of the army reports the actual strength of the army as 20,145. So there are not ten real private soldiers for every officer; this fact inspires a great deal of wit on the part of paragraph writers who do not understand what our army is for. We have never been in danger of any sudden foray from Canada or Mexico, our army would do us precious little good if our harbors were invaded by a hostile fleet, and for several years past the Indian has ceased from troubling and the town-site speculator is at rest. We have no fighting for our army to do. But the organization of an army is not an easy thing, and so we obey the injunction, in time of peace to prepare for war, just far enough to keep up a military organization of 2,000 officers and the smallest number of enlisted men that will permit the officers to keep in military practice. A regiment of infantry with 37 officers and hardly 400 enlisted men seems pretty top-heavy, but the 37 officers form a regimental organization around which 1,000 enlisted men could be arranged as easily as 400. —Fred Perry Powers, in Chautauquan.

The Decline of Royalty.

A Lusignan descendant of the Kings of Jerusalem died miserably lately in a hospital in Milan. A Marquis descendant from the Dodges is selling matches in the streets of Venice; in the same city a porter at one of the most splendid palaces keeps the door of the house where he ought to be master. At Naples the Duc de Lerma, grandee of Spain, is a lawyer's clerk. At Palermo the Duc de Santa Croce goes about the streets picking up cigar ends and any thing else to be found. The Princess Pignatelli is a singer in a cafe chantant in Berlin. At Buenos Ayres there is a lovely flower girl about twenty, who, when asked where she came from, replied that she was a Lombard, but that her parents were Romans of the name of Pecci. The girl, whose name was Leonildha Pecci when asked if she was a relative of His Holiness, said she did not know, but in her family it was believed they were nearly akin.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Adequate Apology.

Philosopher — Good-afternoon, Mrs. De Science. Allow me to compliment you on your remarkable article in the Scientific Age.

Mrs. De Fashion—You have made a mistake, sir. I am not a book-worm nor do I have to write for a living. I am Mrs. De Fashion, a rather well-known society leader—not Mrs. De Science.

Philosopher—Oh! I beg her pardon.—N. Y. Weekly.

—At a recent French cooks' ball in New York the work of art was the representation of a temple of commerce. It was made of 12,000 pieces of gum paste and sugar, and stood several feet high. The architectural beauties were well shown, and the coloring was especially clever.

PANTRY AND PARLOR.

—Broiled Mution Chops: Cut the steaks, season with pepper and salt. Broil on hot coals, baste with butter and sprinkle with grated bread crumbs. Serve with stewed onions.—Farm and Fireside.

—Almonds are blanched by pouring water over them after they are shelled; when they have remained for a few moments in the water they can be rubbed in a soft, dry towel, and the skin will slip off the kernels, leaving them white and entire.

—Penny Cake: One cupful of sugar, one of sour milk, two of flour, one egg, teaspoonful of saleratus, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Flavor with lemon extract. This cake should be baked in a quick oven and eaten while warm.—The Home.

—Chair Comfort: Make a long narrow bag of cretonne, line both ends with a bright contrasting color; stuff the bag with hair or wood as far as the lined portion, which is tied with a large bow. This cushion is fastened to the back of the chair by two cords to prevent it from slipping off.

—A wicker chair that has been in use some time may be cleaned and finished with enamel to look like new. It must first be washed with soda and water, and after it is dry, the paint is applied. Upholstered with pretty material it may find an appropriate place in the parlor or sitting-room.

—Sweetbread and Mushroom Ragout: Put in the chafing-dish two tablespoonfuls of butter; when melted, two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper; add a gill of cream, a cold-dressed sweetbread, and a dozen mushrooms cut into small dice. Let all simmer for about ten minutes, stirring often.—Christian Union.

—Where the soup-kettle is not a regularly-established institution, and soups are the exception, not the rule, they will be found specially acceptable as a spring variation of diet. The doctors agree that no food is more easily assimilated or combines more perfectly two great merits—being at once highly nutritive and easily digested—than a hot, savory, well-made soup.—Country Gentleman.

—Herrings and mackerel are very good baked to be eaten cold. They must be washed, boned and the heads cut off. Mix, on a large plate, a good supply of salt, black pepper, a little cayenne and allspice. Press the inside of the herring on this mixture, roll up the fish and tie with twine. Pack the fish in an earthen jar, with a few bay leaves, fill the jar with vinegar, and bake in a slow oven. These will keep some days if covered.—Good Housekeeping.

—Graham Short Cake: One teacupful of sour milk, half a teacupful of cream, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt. Make a batter as thick as can be stirred, spread a layer in a baking tin, and put bits of butter over it, then another layer of batter, and bake. When done open between the layers and put in berries or apples, or any kind of juicy fruit. Those using Graham in some form in their daily "bill of fare" often relish a little variety in its preparation.—Orange Judd Farmer.

DRESSES FOR CHILDREN.

Reforms That Should Be Introduced Without More Delay.

The question of dress reform is agitating our sisters across the sea, who have formed themselves into a so-called "Rational Dress Society," advocating the advantage of shorter skirts for out-door wear, as being more cleanly, suitable and better generally, adjuring the much-tabooed corset and high-heeled shoes, denouncing stiffy-boned bodices, and seeking a more comfortable as well as artistic dress. But the most sensible resolutions they have adopted are those with reference to dressing little girls in the long, narrow-skirted dresses, binding Kate Greenaway capes around their shoulders, and placing huge superstructures laden with plumes, called bonnets, on their heads.

The fashionably-dressed child of the day is a most artistic little object in repose, and a most awkward and uncomfortable little atom in motion. She would be beaten in a race with her own grandmother, for her narrow, clinging little skirts give her less freedom of motion, and as for climbing it is entirely out of the question. She returns from her dignified promenade on the avenue with muddy petticoats, the same as her big sister, unless, indeed, she be taught to lift them at the crossing, as many of them are. If she goes up-stairs she trips, if she climbs on a chair or the window seat she sprawls. She misses in her petticoat tyranny half the joy of childhood, and loses its elasticity and free abandon of motion, and unless she is an angel, all but the harp and crown, she gets pessimistic views of life, a bad temper and a sallow complexion before she is thirteen, all on account of frustrated purposes and abortive attempts to attain the freedom of action which ought to be her inalienable right in babyhood. Women are supposed to be martyrs in the cause of beauty. They don't expect to be comfortable in their complicated toggery, but the babies ought not to be made to bear the burdens of life before they cut their double teeth. A mother in the full development of her strength makes her bonnet of a bit o' lace, anchored with a diamond pin and moored with strings of velvet and gets neuralgia, but she does not mind. She would rather have a touch of the ticdolouxeux than a quarter of a yard too much lace on her bonnet.

But the little toddling mite her nurse leads beside her has a hat like a sixteenth-century courtier's, laden with heavy feathers and tied with broad, thick ribbons. The child gets a headache, and does not mind it very much, for the happy consciousness of being in the fashion is not so sure a sedative for suffering in her case as in her mother's. The assurance that her plumes are longer and more numerous than those of the other toddlers has not so potent a charm for her. Where are the sensible little close caps and the pretty short tilting skirts of half a decade ago? Who will introduce them again?—Chicago Herald.